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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Youth

*Date of Earliest Known Edition (Fragment here included),
not earlier than 1528
[Lambeth Palace Library]*

*Date of Original of this ("Waley's") Edition, c. 1557
[B.M. Press-mark, C. 34, b. 24.]*

*Date of Original of "Copland's" Edition (already issued),
c. 1560
[B.M. Press-mark, C. 34, e. 38: also "Irish find," bought by Quaritch:
also Bodleian]*

Reproduced in Facsimile 1909

Youth * 1. Lambeth Fragment
* 2. Waley edition

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Excerpts of Youth

Youth

- (1) *Fragment of 8pp. now preserved in Lambeth
Palace Library [not earlier than 1528]*
- (2) *Waley's Edition [c. 1557]*

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Youth

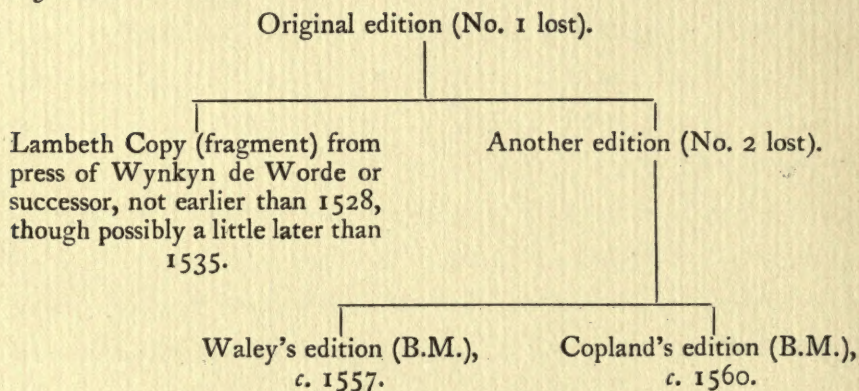
The present facsimiles of (1) the "Lambeth Palace Fragment" of "Youth," and (2) the "Waley edition" of the same play, together with (3) the "Copland edition" (already issued in this series), comprise all known impressions of one of the most curious and interesting survivals of Early English Drama. It is suspected that other editions of this interlude were issued—probably there were five in all—though they are not now known to be extant.

These three known editions form the subject of an exhaustive and valuable monograph by Professor W. Bang (of the University of Louvain) and Mr. R. B. M'Kerrow in the twelfth volume of the series intituled "Materialien zur Kunde des älteren Englischen Dramas." I am indebted to this source: I have made use, in a summarised form, of material collected, of evidence sifted, of ascertained facts orderly arranged and precised, and of deductions resulting therefrom. Space (to say nothing of literary good manners) permits no more; save, may-be to emphasise the completeness of research, the soundness of conclusion, and my indebtedness thereto. Still, I give but a summary: scholars must consult this authority in detail.

Reference, I premise, has been made to my Introduction to the "Copland edition" of "Youth" ("Tudor Facsimile Texts") wherein, amongst other matters, I related the circumstances attending the recovery of the "Lambeth fragment."

The dates are uncertain, both for the "*Waley*" and the "*Copland*" editions—probably, however, c. 1557 and c. 1560 respectively are not far out. The "*Lambeth fragment*" is confidently ascribed "either to the press of *Wynkyn de Worde*, or of someone who came into possession of his type and wood-blocks after he ceased to print in 1535." On the other hand, it is certain that it was not printed earlier than 1528.

As regards the relationship of the texts, it is clearly shown in "*Materialien*" that one or more editions of this play have been lost; that textually neither the "*Waley*" nor the "*Copland*" copies could have been printed from the "*Lambeth fragment*," either directly or by reversed descent; that probably two editions have been lost, viz., a first edition from which the "*Lambeth*" and the "*Lost edition No. 2*" were printed; and, finally, that it was from the "*Lost edition No. 2*" that both the "*Waley*" and the "*Copland*" copies were printed, the formula being somewhat as follows:—



On equally good grounds *Waley's* text is set down as nearer the original than *Copland's*, which, however, is more correctly printed than *Waley's*.

Mr. J. A. Herbert of the Manuscript Department

of the British Museum, after comparing this facsimile of the "*Waley*" edition with the original, says:—"It is excellently reproduced, most of the slight defects to which I have called attention being probably unavoidable: none of them are of any real consequence."

Mr. Fleming is to be congratulated also on the results obtained in respect to the "*Lambeth fragment*" of 8 pp. It so happens that the editors of the "*Materialien*" series reproduced these pages in facsimile; and, on comparison, a marked improvement will be observed in the present collotypes.

Mr. Herbert specially criticises (*Waley ed.*) (1) *A. ii*, verso, "as rather too weak and wanting in sharpness"; (2) *A. iv*, recto, last line, "no flaw in the last three words"; (3) *B. ii*, recto, last line but one, "the stroke at end of line is not in original"; (4) *B. iii*, verso, and *B. iv*, recto, are both "printed a trifle too heavily," "especially the first few lines of the latter"; (5) *C. ii*, verso, "the set-off from the opposite pages comes out blacker here than in original, but that is probably unavoidable, and it only makes some letters somewhat less easy to read than in original—nothing is illegible."

JOHN S. FARMER.

[I. The “Lambeth Fragment” of the
Interlude of Vouth]

25
The interlude of youth.



Charyte.

En that his armes dyd spred
And on a tre was done to dede
From all perylles in you defende
And I praye yence tyll I haue made an ende
For I am come fro god a boue
To occupy his lawes to your behoue
And am wanted charyte
There may no man faued be
Without that he be of myte

Dul manet in charitate in deo manet
 I am the pate I tell the
 of heuen that ioyfull cyte
 There may no man chyder come
 But of charite he must haue some
 Or he may not come p'wys
 Unto heuen the cyte of blysse
 Therefore charite who wyll hym take
 A pure soule it wyll hym make
 Before the face of god
 In the A.B.C. of bookes the lest
 It is wyrtten (Deus charitas est)
 Lo charite is a great thyng
 Of all vertues it is the kynge
 Whan god in erth was here luyng
 Of charite he founde none endyng
 I was planted in his harte
 We two myght not departe
 Out of his herte I dyde spryng
 Through the myght of the heuen kynge
 And all prestes that be
 May syng no masse without charyte
 And charyte to them they do not take
 They may not receyue hym y dyde them make
 And all this worlde of nought
 I yowth
 A backe felowes and gyue me rome
 Or I shall make you to auoyde soone
 I am goodly of persone

J. M. 45.

1.8.12
My heere is royall and busshed thycke
My body plyaunt as a hasyll stycke
Myne armes be bothe bygge and stronge
My fyngers be bothe fayre and longe
My chest bygge as a tuune
My legges be full lyght for to runne
To hoppe and daunce and make mery
By the masse I recke not a chery
What so euer I do
I am the heyre of all my fathers lande
And it is come in to my hande
I care for no more
Are you so dysposed to do
To folowe byce and let vertue go
O ye sye euen so
For now a dayes he is not set by
Without he be bnt hyssty.
You had nede to aske god mercy
Why dyd you so prayse your body
Why knaue what is that to the
Wylte thou let me to prayse my body
Why shulde I not prayse it and it be goodly
I wyll not let for the
What shall it be whan thou shalte flytte
Fro thy welthe in to the pytte
Therfore of it be not to bolde
Lest thou forthyne it whan thou arte olde
Ye may be lykened to a tre
In youthe florysshynge with royalte
And in age it is cut downe

Charite.

youth.

Charite.

youth.

Charite.

Be ware lest thou thyder go
Hens caytyfe go thy waye
Or with my dagger I shall the slaye
Hens knaue out of this place
Or I shall lay the on the face
Sayest thou that I shall go to hell
For euermore ther to dwell
I had leuer thou had euyl fare.

youth.

¶ A yet syr do by my rede
And aske mercy for thy mysdede
And thou shalte be an herytour of blysse
Where all ioye and myrth is
Where thou shalte se a glorious syght
Of angels syngynge with sayntes bryght
Before the face of god.

Charite.

¶ What syrs aboue the skye
I had nede of a ladder to clymbe so hye
But what and the ladder slyppe
Than I am deceyued yet
And yf I fall I catche a quicke
I may fortune to breke my necke
And that ioynt is yll to set
Nay nay not so.

youth.

¶ O yet remembre and call to thy mynde
The mercy of god passeth all thyng
For it is wryten by noble clerkes
The mercy of god passeth all werkes
That wytnesseeth holy scripture sayenge thus
Miserationes dñi super omnia opera eius
Therefore doubte not goddes grace

Soyle me a questyon or ye cast out ony m
 Lest whan your conynge is all done
 My questyon haue no solucyon
 Syr and it please you this
 Why do men ete mustarde with saltfyll
 Syr I pray you soyle me this questyon
 That I haue put to your dyscrecyon.
This question is but a vanyte
 It longeth not to me
 Suche questions to assoyle
Syrr by god that me dere bought
 I se your conynge is lytell or nought
 And I shulde foldme your scole
 Soone ye wolde make me a sole
 Therfore crake no lenger here
 Lest I take you on the ere
 And make your heed ake
Syrr it falleth not me to fyght
 Neyther by daye ne by nyght
 Therfore do by my counseyle I saye
 Than to heuen thou shalte haue the way
No syr I thynke ye wyll not fyght
 But to take a mannes purs in the nyght
 ye wyll not saye nay
 For suche holy cartyues
 Were wonte to be theues
 And suche wolde be hanged as hye
 As a man may se with his eye
 In fayth this same is true.
God saue euery crysten body

by no place for the
thou he Wyll haue suche fooles
on his gay stoles
Warrant the nay.
I sy? I put me in goddes Wyll
er he Wyll me saue or spyll
I pray you do so
ust in god what so euer you do.
I praye the holde thy peas
like to me of no goodnes
one loke thou go thy waye
with my dagger I the slaye
yth and thou meue my herte
shalte be wery of thy parte
ou and I haue done
ynke what god suffred for the
crueltes to be spredde vpon a tre
ght with a spere opened his syde
is herte appered a wounde wyde
t bought both the and me
ddes fast what is that to me
u da we Wylte thou rede me
y pouth to lese my iolyte
I knaue and go thy way
with my dagger I shall the slaye
sy? here what I Wyll you tell
be ruled after my counsell
t ye myght syt in heuen on hye
h god and his company.
yet of god Wylte thou not seas

CSyr I se it wyll none other wyse be
I wyll go to my brother humilite
And take counsell of hym
How it is best to be do therein.
Eye mary syr I praye you of that
We thynke it were a good syght of your
I wolde se your heles hyther
And your brother and you togyder
Fetted fyne fast
y wys and I had the kape
ye shulde synge welawaye
Or I let you lose
Farewell my maysters euerychone
I wyll come agayne anone
And tell you how I haue done
And thou come hyther agayne
I shall sende the hens in the deuyls nam
What now I may haue my space
To iet here in this place
Befoze I myght not sterc
Whan that churle charite was here
But now amonge all this chere
I wolde I had some company here
y wys my brother ryot wolde helpe me
for to bete charite
And his brother to
Huffa huffa/who calleth after me
I am ryot full of iolyte
My herte is lyght as the wynde
And all of rote is my mynde

My lippes hang in my lyght
Oe mayster youth by my fay.
Comer yot in the deuyl way
Zought the hyder to day.
At dyoe my legges I tell the
Bought thou dyoe call me
I am come now here
Like royall chere
At the how I haue done.
For I wende thou haddest be hanged
For thou escaped
Was tolde me here
You toke a man on the ere
And in your bosome dyd fly
In rewe all nyght ye dyd ly.
It was I besyre we your pate
Relately from newgate
I am as redy to make good chere
That neuer came there
And I haue spendynge
Will make as mery as a kynge
Are not what I do
Will not lye longe in pryson
I will get forth soone
I haue lerned polycy
Will lose me lyghtly
Doe let me go.
Ioue well thy dyscrecion
You arte all of one condicion
I arte able and steadfast of my

[2. The "Waley" Edition of the
Interlude of Pouth]

Thēterlude of youth.



Iesu that his armes dyd spede
 And on a tree was done to dead
 From all perils he you defende
 I desyre audyence tyl I haue made an ende
 For am come from God aboue
 To occuppe his lawes to your behoue
 And am named Charytie
 There maye no man saued be
 wythout the helpe of me
 For he that Charytie doth refuse
 Other vertues thought he do vse

without charite it wyl not be
for it is written in the saythe
Qui manet in charitate in deo mone t
I am the gate I tell the
Of heauen that ioyful cite
Ther maye no man thider come
But of charpty he must haue some
O ye may not come twis
Unto heauen the citie of blyse
Therfore charitie who wil hym take
A pure soule it wyl him make
Before the face of God
In the .A. B. C. of bokes the leaſt
yt is written deus charitas est
Lo charptye is a great thinge
Of all vertues it is the kynge
Whan God in earth was here liuinge
Of charpty he found none endinge
I was planted in his hart
We two might not departe
Out of hys harte I dyd sprynge
Throughe the myght of the heauen kinge
And all prestes that be
Maye singe no masse without charitie
And chary to them they do not take
Thei may not receyue him that did them mane
And all thys worlde of noughte
youth. **T**A backe felowes and gyue me rourne
O I shall make you to auoyde sone
I am goodle of persone
I am pereles where euer I come
My name is youth I tell the
I floreysh as the vine tre
who may be likeneth vnto me

In my pouthe and Jolytye
 My hearte is royall and bushed thicke
 My body plyaunt as a hasel styck
 Mine armes be bothe fayre and strong
 My fingers be both faire and longe
 My chest bigge as a tunne
 My legges be full lighte for to runne
 To hoppe and daunce and make mery
 By the masse I recke not a chery
 What so euer I do
 I am the heyre of my fathers lande
 And it is come into my hande
 I care for nomore
 Are you so disposed to doo
 To folowe byce and let vertue go
 ye sye euer so
 For nowe a dayes he is not set by
 without he be vntyrstye
 you had nede to aske God mercye
 why do you so prase your body
 Why knaue what is that to the
 wylt thou let me to prayse my body
 why shuld I not praise it & it be goodli
 I wil not let for the
 what shal it be whan thou shalt flyt
 for the wealth into the pyt
 Therfore of it be not to boolde
 Least thou forthink it whan thou art olde
 ye maye be lykened to a tre
 In youth floryshyng with royalte
 And in age it is cut downe
 And to the fyre is throwne
 So shalt thou but thou amende
 Be burned in hel without ende
 ve horson trowest thou so

charite.

pouthe.

charite.

pouthe.

charite.

pouthe.

Be ware leaſte thou thyder go
Hence captyſe go thy way
Or with my dagger I ſhal the ſlay
Hens kinaue out of this place
Or I ſhall lay the on the face
Sayeſt thou that I ſhal go to hel
For euer more there to dwel
I had leuer thou had euyl fare

Charite. I yet ſyz do by my rede
And aſke mercy for thy myſdoedz
And þy ſhalt be an herytoure of blyſſe
Where al ioye and myghte is
Where thou ſhal ſe a gloryus ſyght
Of aūgeles ſingyng w ſaintes bryght
Before the face of God

Youthe. What ſyzs abowe the ſky
I haſ hede of a ladder to climbe ſo hie
But what and the ladder ſlyppe
Then I am deceyued yet
And if I fal I catche a quecke
I may ſortune to breke my necke
And that ſoynte is yll to ſet
Nay nay not ſo

Charite. O yet remember cal to thy minde
The mercy of God paſſeth al thyng
For it is wyten by noble clerkes
The merce of God paſſeth all werkes
That witneſſeth holy ſcripture ſaynge thus
Miſeratio domini ſuper omnia opera eius
Therefore doute not goodes grace
Ther of is plenty in euery place

Youthe. What me thynke ye be clerkyſhe
For ye ſpeake good gibbyſhe
Sir I pray you and you haue any ſtore

Soyle me a questyon oꝛ ye cast out any moze
 Least whan your connyng is all done
 My question haue no solucyon
 Syr and it please you thys
 why do men eate mustred with falshe
 Sir I praye you soile me thys question
 That I haue put to your discrecyon
 ¶ This question is but vanitie
 yt longeth not to me
 Suche questions to asloyle
 ¶ Sir by god that me dere bought
 I se your connyng is littell oꝛ nought
 And I wuld folowe your scole
 Sone ye wold make a sole
 Therfore crake no longer here
 Least I take you on the eare
 And make your head to ake
 ¶ Sir it falleth not for me to fichte
 Nether by day ne be night
 Therfore do my counsaile I saye
 Than to heuen thou shalt haue thy way
 ¶ No syr I thynke ye wyll not fichte
 But to take a mannes purs in the night
 ye wyll not say nay
 For suche holy caitifes
 were wonte to be theues
 And such wolde be hanged as hye
 As a man may se with his eye
 In faith this same is true
 ¶ God saue every children body
 from such euill bestenye
 And sende vs hys grace
 In heuen to haue a place
 ¶ Nay nay I warrant the

charite.

youthe.

charite.

youthe.

charite.

youthe.

He hathe no place for the
 Weneſt thou he wyl haue ſuche ſcooles
 To ſyt on his gaie ſcooles.
 Naye I warrant the naye.
 Humi- Well ſir I put me in goddes wyl
 litye. whether he wyl me ſaue or ſpell.
 And ſir I pray you do ſo.
 And truſte in god what ſo euer ye do
 youthe. I Syr I praye the olde thy peace.
 And talke to me of no goodnes.
 And ſoone loke thou go thy waye.
 Leſte with my dagger I the ſlaue.
 In ſaythe yf thou mene my harte
 Thou ſhalte be wearye of thy parte.
 Or thou and I haue done.
 charite. I Thinke what God ſuffered for the
 His armes to be ſpyed upon a tree
 A knight with a ſpeare opened his ſide
 In his harte appeared a wounde wyde.
 That bought both you and me
 youthe. I Goddes ſalve what is that to me
 Thou da we wylte thou rede me.
 In my youth to loſe my iolytie.
 Hence knaue and go thy waye
 Or wyth my dagger I ſhall the ſlaue.
 charite. I O ſyr heare what I you tell.
 And be ruled after my counſell.
 That ye might ſyt in heuen hye.
 with God and his company
 youthe. I A yet of God thou wilte not ceaſſe.
 Tyll I ſyght in good earneſte
 On my ſayth I tell the true.
 yf I ſyght I tell the true.
 All the dayes of thy lyfe.

CSy: I se well none other wise be
 I wyll go to my brother Humilitie
 And take good counsaile of hym
 Howe it is best to be do, ther yn
 ye mary sire I pray you of that
We thinke it were a good sight of your backe
 I wolde se your heles hither
 And your brother and you together
 Fettered fine fast
 I wys and I had the kay
 ye shulde singe wel a way
Or I let you lose
Fare well my maysters euerychone
 I wyll come agayne anone
 And tel you howe I haue done
And thou come hither agayne
 I shall sende the hens in þe diuels name
 what now, I maye haue my space
 To let here in thys place
 Before I myght not stere
 whan the churle charitie was here
 But nowe amonge al thys chere
 I wold I had some company here
 I wis my brother Riot wold helpe me
 for to beate charitye
 And his brother to
Huffa, huffa who calleth after me
 I am Riot ful iolyte
 My heart as light as the wynde
 and all on Riot is my mynde
 where so euer I go
 But wote ye what I do here
 To seke youth my compere
 I sayne of hym I wolde haue a sight

charite.

youth.

charite.

youth.

Riot.

But my lippes hange in my lyght
God spede master you th by my faie
pouthe. welcom Ryot in the detrels waye

who brought the hither to
Ryot. That dyd my legges I tell the
He thought thou dyd me call
And I am come now here
To make roiall there

And tell the how I haue done
pouthe. what I wende thou hadst ben hanged

But I se thou arte escaped
For it was tolde me heere
you toke a man on the eare
That his purse in your bosome did flye
And so in newegate ye dyd lye

Ryot. So it was I bethewe your parte
I come lately from Newgate
But I am as readye to make good chere
As he that neuer came there
For and I haue spendyng
I wyll make as mery as a kynge
And care not what I do
For I wyll not lye longe in prison
But wyll get forth the soone
For I haue learned a pollyce
That wyll lose me lyghtlye
And sone let me go

pouthe. I loue well thy discretioun
For thou arte all of one condicoun
Thou arte stable and stedfast of mynde
And not chaungable as the wynde
But sir I praye you at the leaste
Tell me more of that ieste
That thou tolde me ryght now

Moreouer I shall tell the Ryot.
 The mayre of London sent for me
 Forth of Newgate for to come
 For to preche at Tyborne.
By our Lady he dyd promote the youthe.
 To make the preche at the galowe tre
 But sye how diddest thou scape
Euery sye the rope brake Ryot.
 And so I fell to the ground
 And ran away safe and sound
 Be thy way I met with a courtiers lad
 And twenty nobles of gold in hys purs he had
 I toke the ladde on the eare
 Besyde his horse I felled him there
 I toke his purs in my hande
 And twenty nobles therein I fande
 Lorde howe I was mery.
Goddes fote thou diddest ynoughe there youthe.
 For to be made knight of the colere.
Eye sye I truste to God all myght Ryot.
 At the nexte cessions to be dubbed a knight
Now sye by thys lyght youthe.
 That wolde I fayne se
 And I plyght the so God me saue
 That a surer colere thou shalt haue
 And because gold colers be so good chepe
 Unto the roper I shal speke
 To make the one of a good pryce
 And that shalbe of warrantysse.
Youth I pray the haue a doo Ryot.
 And to the tauerne let vs go
 And we will drynke diuers wine
 And the colt shal be myne
 Thou shalt not pay one peny iwis

yet thou shalt haue a wenche to kysse
 whan so euer thou wilt
 youthe. ¶ Mary Ryot I thanke the
 That thou wilt be frowe it on me
 And for thy pleasure so be it
 I wold not charity shuld be mete
 And turne be agayne
 For right now he was with me
 And said he wolde go to Humilitie
 And come to me agayne
 Ryot. ¶ Let him come if he will
 Be were better to bide still
 And he gyue the croked langage
 I wyll lape him on the visage
 And that thou shalt se sone
 How lightly it shall be done
 And he wyl not be ruled with knoches
 we shall set him in the stocks
 To heale his sore shynnes
 youthe. ¶ I shall helpe the if I can
 To dryue away that hang man
 Herke Ryot thou shalt vnderstande
 I am heyre of my fathers land
 And now they be come to my hand
 We thynke it were best therfore
 That I had one man more
 To wayte me by on
 Ryot. ¶ I can spede the of a seruaunte of pryce
 That wil do the good seruice
 I se him go here be side
 Some men call him mayster pryde
 I sweare by God in Trinitie
 I wyll go fetch him vnto the
 And that euen anon

Hye the apace and come a gayne	youthe.
and bynge with the that noble swayne	
¶ Lo mayster youth here he is	Kpot.
A pretty man and wise	
He wyl be glad to-do good you seruyce	
In al that cuer he may	
¶ Welcome to me good fello we	youthe.
I pray the whence comest thou	
And thou wylt my seruauant be	
I shall geue the golde and fee	
¶ Syr I am content i'wis	Pride.
To do you any seruise	
That cuer I can do	
¶ By likelyhod thou shulde do well ynowe	youthe.
Thou art a lykely felowe	
¶ Yes syr I warrant you	Pride.
ys ye will be rulde by me	
I shall you bynge to hye degre	
¶ What shall I da tell me	youthe.
And I wyl be ruled by the	
¶ Mary I shall tell you	Pride.
Considre ye haue good ynowe	
And thing ye come of noble kinde	
Above all men exalte thy minde	
Put downe the pooze and se nought bi them	
Be in company with gentel man	
Lette by and downe in the waye	
And your clothes loke they be gaye	
The pretty wenches wyl saye than	
yourder goeth a gentelmen	
And euery pore felowe that goeth you by	
will do of his cap and make you curteisie	
In faith this is true	
Sir I thanke the by the roode	youthe.
B. ii.	

For thy counsell that is so good
 And I commit me euen now
 Under the techenge of Ryot and you
 Ryot. O youth I tolde you
 That he was a lustye felowe
 youthe. O Mary sy: I thanke the
 That you wolde brynge hym unto me
 Pryde. O Sy: it were expediente that ye had a wife
 To liue with her all youre life
 Ryot. O A wyse nay nay for God auo we
 He shall haue flethe inoughe
 For by God that me dere bought
 Ouer muche of one thinge is nought
 The deuyl sayd he had leuer burne al his lyfe
 Than ones for to take a wife
 Therfore I saye so god me saue
 He shall no wife haue
 Thou haste a syster fair and fre
 I knowe well hys lemman she wyll be
 Therfore I wolde she were here
 That we might go and make good chere
 At the wine some where
 youthe. O I pray you hither thou do her brynge
 For she is to my likinge
 Pryde. O Sy: I shall do my diligence
 To brynge her to your presence
 youthe. O Hye the apace and come agayn
 To haue a sight I wolde be faine
 Of that lady fre
 Ryot. O Sy: in faith I shall tell you true
 She is a freshe and faire of hue
 And berye propre of bodye
 Men call her Lady Lechery
 youthe. O My herte burneth by God of myght

Till of that lady I haue a syght

Intret superbia cū luxuria et dica superbia

¶ Syr I haue fulfylled your entent

Pyde.

And haue brought you in thys present

That you haue sent me fore

¶ Thou art a redy messengere

youth.

Come hither to me my herte so dere

ye be welcome to me as the hert in my body

¶ Syr I thāke you and at your pleasure I am Lecheri

ye be the same vnto me

¶ Maisters wyl ye to tauerne walk

youth.

A worde with you here wyl I talke

And geue you the wine

¶ Gentle man I thanke you berely

Lecheri

And I am all redye

To waite you vpon

¶ What sister lecherpe

Ryot.;

ye be welcome to our compaigne

¶ Well wanton well, fye for shame

Lecheri

So sone ye do expresse my name

What if no man shuld haue knowne

I wis I thal you bete, well wanton well

¶ A lytell pretye nylet

Ryot.

ye be well nise God wote

ye be a lytell pretie pre. wis ye go ful gingerie

¶ Well I se your false epe

Lecheri

winketh on me full wantonly

ye be full wanton i wis

¶ Pyde I thanke you of your laboure

youth.

That you had to seeth thys layre floure

¶ Lo youth I tolde the

Pyde.

That I wolde bynge her with me

Sir I pray you tel me now

Howe doth she lyke you

youthe. **C**uerely wel he pleased me
For he is courteis gentyl and fre
Howe do you sayre Ladye
Howefare you tell me

Lecheri. **S**y: if it please you, I do well yno we
And the better that you wyl wite

youthe. **R**iot I wolde be at the tauerne sayne
Least charitie bs mete and turne bs agayne
Than wold I be sozr because of thys sarpe ladi

Ryot. **L**et bs go agayne be tyme
That we maye be at the wyne
O: euer that he come

Pryde. **T**hie the apace and go we hence
We wil let for more expence

youthe. **N**ow we wil fil the cup and make good chere
I trust I haue a noblz here
Herke sirs for God almightie
Herest thou not howe they fight
In fayth we shal them part
Yf there be any wine to sell
They shal no longer together dwell
No than I be shewe my herte

Ryot. **N**o sy: so mote I the
Let not thy seruantes fight within the
For it is a carefull lyfe
Euermore to lyue in strife
Therefore yf yz wyl be ruled bi mi tale
nde will go to the ale
And se howe we can do
I truste to God that sitteth on hye
To lese that lyttell compayne

Pryde. **W**ith in an houre o: two
Now let bs goo for goodes sake
And se howe merve we can make

Now lette vs go a pace

Ryot.

And I belast there I be thye we my face

youth.

Nowe let vs go that we were there

To make this Ladye some chere

Lecheri

Querelye sir I thanke the

That ye wyl bestowe it on me

And whan it please you on me to call

My heart is yours bodye and all

youth.

Faire Ladye I thanke the

On the same wyse ye shall haue me

whan so euer ye please

Riot we tarpe very longe

Hyde.

we wyl go euen now with a lusty songe

Ryot.

In farty I wyl be rector choise

Hyde.

Go to it then hardely and let vs be agate

youth.

I hide felowe a worde with the

charite.

whether go ye tell me

I hyde and here what I shall you tell

And be ruled by my counsel

Have no felowe ne yet mate

Hyde.

I trowe thy felowe be in Newgate

Shal we tell the whether we go

Nay swis good John a Depo

who learned the thou mistaught man

To speake so to a gentylman

Thoughe his clothes be neuer so thine

yet he is come of noble kinne

Thoughe thou gyue him such a moche

yet he is come of a noble stocke

I let the well to wite

What say John what saye ye

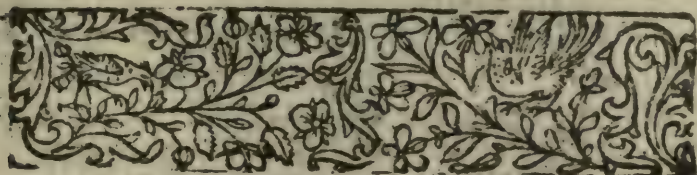
Ryot.

wolde you be fetred now

Thynke nat to long I pray you

At mye fortune come sone yno we

ye shall thynke it a lytell soone.
 youthe. ¶ Yet syrs let thys cease
 And let vs talke of goodnes
 charite. He turned his tale he is a ferde.
 But faith he shal be skerd
 He weneth by flatterynge to please vs agayne.
 But he labouryth all in bayne
 charite. ¶ Syr I pray you me not spare
 For nothynge I do care
 That ye can doe to me
 Ryot. ¶ No howson sayst thou so
 Holde him pryde and let me go
 I shall set a prayre of rynges
 That shall sit to his shynnes
 And that euen a none
 Pryde. ¶ Hye the apace and come agayne
 And bringe with he ta good chaine
 To holde him here stil
 charite. ¶ Iesu that was borne of Mare milde
 From all euyl he vs shielde
 And sende you grace to amende
 Or oure lyfe be at an ende
 For I tell you trewlye
 That ye lyue full wickedlye
 I praye God it amende
 Ryot. ¶ Lo syrs loke what I bringe
 Is not thys a ioly ringinge
 By my trowth I trowe it be
 I will go with of charitie
 How sayest thou mayster charitie
 Dothe this geare please the
 charite. ¶ They please me well in dede
 The more sorowe the more mede
 For God saide whyle he was man



Printed at London by John Waley
dwelling in Fotherlane.

your prayer for to save
D Here be verses for your devotion
And hope you from all temptacion
Let not devils deceive
Nether be ye in fooling men
Good counsell give them
And teach them to amende
D For my sake I will move
All creatures I will turne
And woldan see in dooing men
Good counsell I will give them
And erote them to to amende
D Then shall be an heritor of blisse
Nether all hope and mirth is
D O the which the eternal
Go bringe the persons all
Here beynge amen
humili. Thus have we brought our matter to an ende
Before the persons here present
Wold every man be contente
Nede on other daye we be wente
charite. I see thank all this piete
D Of the which the adpente
humili. I see that piete in heven for the
Then and women that here be
amen amen for charite.

Youth wylte thou do so
 Followe them and let vs go
 Sharpe I trowe have
 Here all tyme I forsahe
 And to god I me betake
 Good lord I praye the have no indignation
 That I a sinner shoulde aske saluacion
 Howe thou makest forsahe pryde
 And all riot forsahe
 I wyl not hym forsahe
 Neither early ne late
 I wend he woulde not forsahe me
 But if I wyl none other wyl be
 I wyl go my waye
 Sir I praye god be your spede
 And helpe you at your need
 I am sure thou wilt not forsahe me
 For I wyl not forsahe thee
 ED forsahe you also
 And wyl not haue with you to do
 ED and I forsahe the bettyr
 I pe on the capric the
 Once a psonne thou dyd me make
 What thou woulde me neher forsahe
 But nowe I se it is harde
 For to trude the wretched wold
 Iare well makers everpcheone
 I forsahe tyme looke ye moine
 And enyll creatures loke ye tounne
 For your name wherewith in fiction
 Saye it is good confection
 What for I in deoth moine
 There is a newe arape
 For to walke by the waye

forse.

youthe.

charite.

forse.

youthe.

forse.

youthe.

forse.

humil.

charite.

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Beati qui persecutionem patiuntur pro iusticia

unto his apostles he sayde so

to teache them howe they shoulde do

I we shall be how they can please

Sit downe fir and take your ease

See thinke these same were full mette

to go about your sayrelecte

By my trauche I you tell

they wolde become him very well

herfore hee that they were on

unto the taverne that we were gone

That shall yelle anon

Howe soone they shall be on

And after we wyll not tary longe

But go hence with a mery longe

Let vs begyn all at once

Howe have at it by rockes bones

And soone let vs goo

No matters here you make let before

That the weede ouergroweth the corne

Howe make ye see all in this tide

Howe vice is taken and vertue let alide

Howe we make ye see pouerth is stable

But euer more channagable

And the nature of men is frail

That hee wotech not what may auale

Vertue for to make

Good. Forde it is a pittifull case

Such good hath lent man wpt and grace

to chole of good and euill

That man shoulde be voluntarie

to such thinges him selfe applye

That his soule shoulde spill

That we be crucified & crowned w thorne

charite

patience

meeknes

gentle

lowly

long

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